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## Levi Woodbury's Week in Vermont, May 1819.

Introduction *by* H.B. FANT

THE account that follows, believed here published for the first time, describes a trip in a one horse chaise that Levi Woodbury made across Vermont and back in the spring of 1819.

Woodbury was a contemporary though a few years younger than Daniel Webster and John Caldwell Calhoun. Like Webster he attended Dartmouth and like Calhoun he studied law at Litchfield in Connecticut. He was born at Francestown, New Hampshire, December 22, 1789; he died at Portsmouth in his native state, September 4, 1851, a little after Calhoun, a little before Webster.<sup>1</sup>

Inclined as a boy toward the traditional Federalism of New England,<sup>2</sup> Woodbury early embraced Jeffersonian Republicanism. In middle life he championed Jacksonian Democracy. From a New Hampshire judgeship, 1816 to 1823, he went on to become Governor, 1823 to 1824; Speaker of the New Hampshire Legislature, 1825; United States Senator, 1825 to 1831; President Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, 1831 to 1834; his and Van Buren's Secretary of the Treasury, 1834 to 1841; again United States Senator from New Hampshire, 1841 to 1845; and finally, by appointment of President Polk, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, 1845 to 1851.<sup>3</sup>

When not yet fifteen he taught a term of school at Pepperill, Massachusetts.<sup>4</sup> Then he entered Dartmouth, where he was an eager student, graduating with Stephen Harriman Long in the Class of 1809.<sup>5</sup> Within two weeks Woodbury headed for Litchfield Law School. After nine months there, six months in a Boston law office and another six months

1. *Dictionary of American Biography*, XX (New York, 1936), "Woodbury, Levi."

2. Papers of Levi Woodbury at the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress (hereafter cited PLW), I, 13A.

3. *Congressional Directory of the American Congress, 1774-1961* (Washington, 1961), 1845.

4. PLW, I, 4.

5. PLW, IV, 495-496.

in the office at Exeter, New Hampshire, of Jeremiah Smith, Woodbury returned to Francestown and in September 1811 entered a legal office there.<sup>6</sup>

Admitted to the bar a year later,<sup>7</sup> Woodbury after much doubting and difficulty opened his own office in Francestown, "as much however for politics as law."<sup>8</sup> Maintaining an interest in the college community at Hanover, he delivered two orations there in August 1812.<sup>9</sup> About the middle of the next year he was made a Justice of the Peace at Francestown.<sup>10</sup> He took a hand in promoting education, twice each year helping examine the local school children.<sup>11</sup> Despite the war then going on with Great Britain, during which he performed as Adjutant of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of New Hampshire militia,<sup>12</sup> the eligible bachelor described himself as "already married to literature, politics, and law."<sup>13</sup> In October 1814—about the time the ill starred Hartford Convention was convening—he obtained the privilege of pleading before New Hampshire's highest court.<sup>14</sup>

A few weeks later when the Republicans of New Hampshire were organizing to support William Plumer for Governor, they placed Woodbury's name on the Hillsborough County Committee.<sup>15</sup> Plumer's success meant Woodbury's success. In 1816 the New Hampshire State Senate installed Woodbury as their Clerk.<sup>16</sup> His friend Plumer in June commissioned him military aide with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel;<sup>17</sup> in July he appointed Woodbury to the new Board of Trustees of Dartmouth University,<sup>18</sup> to operate under the New Hampshire enactment amending the Dartmouth College charter;<sup>19</sup> and in December, after trying to balance his judicial appointments by naming several Federalist judges—who refused to serve—Governor Plumer appointed Woodbury

6. Jeremiah Smith had served as Governor and Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

7. A narration of the principal events of Woodbury's life up to the middle of 1817 is in PLW, IV, 493-499.

8. PLW, IV, 498-499.

9. PLW, IV, 498.

10. PLW, I, 85A.

11. PLW, I, 142.

12. PLW, I, 100; p. 106. PLW, Vol. 2, p. 220; p. 221; p. 223.

13. PLW, I, 121A.

14. PLW, II, 239A.

15. PLW, II, 256.

16. Professor Vincent Capowski of St. Anselms College, Manchester, New Hampshire, has written a thesis at Fordham University recently, titled *Levi Woodbury: The Making of a Jacksonian Democrat*, dealing with Woodbury's background in New Hampshire politics.

17. PLW, III, 437.

18. PLW, III, 438.

19. "An Act to amend the Charter and enlarge and improve the Corporation of Dartmouth College," approved into New Hampshire law, June 27, 1816.

to be an Associate Justice of New Hampshire's Superior Court of Judicature, then the name of the state's highest tribunal.<sup>20</sup>

The latest biography of Plumer quotes Plumer as saying of Woodbury, "I know he is young, but he is a gentleman of talents, science & legal requirements & of an irreproachable character. No other man in the State of half his worth would have accepted the office."<sup>21</sup>

It thus came about that Woodbury, a proponent of liberal principles in politics and religion, and decidedly a partisan in the Dartmouth dispute, came to sit on the New Hampshire court that handed down the basic decision in the Dartmouth case, a matter that the whole country was to hear about when it was appealed up to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was not finally decided until the February Term 1819, only scarcely preceding Woodbury's trip through Vermont.<sup>22</sup>

While the Dartmouth campus was in an uproar, and while the case was hanging fire in Washington, Judge Woodbury fell in love with a charming and talented young lady, Elizabeth Clapp, daughter of the wealthy and prominent Asa Clapp of Portland, Maine. Woodbury wrote to Elizabeth extensively in 1818; and by the spring of the following year when he was touring Vermont, he was engaged to her.<sup>23</sup> Their marriage was, in fact, performed on June 14, 1819, the very next month after he visited Vermont.<sup>24</sup>

Several years ago at the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, where I was going through a large collection of Blair Family papers, I chanced across a small, calfskin covered volume, without exact identification, but obviously a journal transmitted W. to E., written expressly for E. Internal evidence proved the journal to be Levi Woodbury's account of the detour he made in traveling from Charlestown, New Hampshire, to Lancaster, New Hampshire, between terms of court. He wrote up the trip for the entertainment of Elizabeth, his bride-to-be.

Instead of going directly up the Connecticut River valley, Woodbury pursued a wide swing through Vermont, by way of Springfield, Rutland, Middlebury, Burlington, Montpelier, and St. Johnsbury. He crossed

20. Plumer's letter of December 11, 1816 to Woodbury announcing the appointment of December 9, 1816 is in PLW, Box 1.

21. Quoted by Lynn W. Turner in *William Plumer of New Hampshire* (Institute of Early American History and Culture, 1962), 270.

22. Nathaniel Adams, *Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Superior Court of Judicature for the State of New Hampshire* (Exeter, 1819), 111-138. Henry Wheaton, *Reports of Cases Argued and Adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, February Term, 1819*, IV, (New York, 1819), 518-715.

23. PLW, V, *passim*.

24. The certificate of marriage is in PLW, V.

from New Hampshire into Vermont on Tuesday, and left a week later, on Monday, May 18.<sup>25</sup>

A final word about the provenance of the journal: The union of Levi Woodbury and Elizabeth Clapp in time produced a family of a son and four daughters. One of the daughters, Mary ('Minna') Elizabeth Woodbury, married Montgomery Blair more than a decade before he served as Postmaster General in President Lincoln's wartime Cabinet. They had a number of children and descendants.<sup>26</sup> The presumption is that the little journal was preserved by respective generations until in fairly recent years the Library of Congress came into possession of large quantities of papers of the Blair and Woodbury families.<sup>27</sup>

Dear E.

Your requests can never be refused. But should the following pages be seen by any other than your clean eyes—ought I not to insist that you should bear at least one half of the punishment due for my sins as a writer?  
W.

Tuesday Noon—May 11th 1819—

After an early dinner I left Charlestown (N.H.) for Lancaster (N.H.) by the way of Middlebury & Burlington (Vt.).

My object in travelling so circuitous a rout was to spend seven leisure days between the Cheshire and Coos Terms of the Sup. Ct. in such a manner as to improve my health and be then acquainted with [the last four words as first written were, increase my knowledge of] this section of our Union.

The forenoon & the two preceding days had been very stormy; and the torrents of rain were just ceasing to fall and the sheet of dark clouds, that covered the sky, was just breaking into fragments of a lighter hue, as as I rode to the Northwest from Charlestown Village on the rout to Cheshire Bridge.

The soil being clayey my horse travelled with difficulty, and the chaise wheels were most of the time embedded in mud.

25. The dating of entries in the journal is slightly awry since there is apparently no May 13.

26. William Ernest Smith, *The Francis Preston Blair Family in Politics*, 2 vols. (New York, 1933). cf. I, 210–215 and the Blair Genealogy, II, between 495 and 497.

27. The Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress has prepared typed registers as guides to the contents of the Blair and Woodbury collections.

The pastures & mowing lands together with the fields of Winter grain were rich with verdure. The maple tree, which seemed to compose nearly half the growth till I reached Cavendish was ornamented with spindles of faint green: and the beech was in different situations with its hard chestnut coloured bud or just bursting into vegetation or covered with leaves—I saw one orchard of apple-trees quite verdant; though in many places snow seemed to have but recently departed. On the Connecticut the Spring grain was shooting from the earth; but westward the farmers were repairing their fences, and engaged in ploughing.

Before reaching Cheshire Bridge, which was a distance little short of 3 miles I found the brooks, that tumbled from the hills, were swollen above their banks: and the Connecticut was turbid, rapid and in various places inundating the adjacent meadows.

The Black River, which heads in Reading (Vt.) and rolls with great rapidity through Cavendish and Springfield empties into the Con. a few rods below Chesh. Br. Recollecting that my rout to Middlebury was to thread this river up to Cavendish & then to cross the Green Mountains to Rutland I enquired & learnt, that some of the bridges on it were washed away and the road on its bank in many places overflowed. I, therefore, followed up the Con., a short distance, and crossed the Hills, that border its Western shore, and saw no more of the Black River till reaching the village in the centre of Springfield—5 miles.

From these hills, the view of the valley & the waters of the Con. was very picturesque: and on the precipices that guard the River are some rude engravings, which tradition ranks among Indian antiquities.

I passed a few farms on the swells before arriving at the village, which appeared productive and neat; but the country in general was not very attractive.

Springfield village is irregular rude and slovenly. It contains two meeting Houses, one belonging to Congregationalists & one to Methodists, which last is built of brick. There may be 25 dwelling houses; of which 12 are brick—a circumstance rather uncommon & arising from the abundance of clay. The fall of water in Black River, on the East side of which is most of the village, presents many advantages for machinery and a most superb prospect.

The first 30 rods is lined on one side with a grist mill containing 4 pair of stories—a saw mill—carding machine—cotton factory &c: and the fall thus far is about 15 feet. The next 30 rods—the river seems to tumble into a cavity of 50 or 60 feet depth, and thunders along amid the rocks on its bottom till it spreads into a sheet of water below formed by the dam to a Woolen Factory and a Clothing Mill. At the commencement of this last

fall the stream is compressed into a width of about 40 feet & is arched by a bridge; but it soon narrows to about 20 feet & the banks on both sides are perpendicular ledges of coarse slate. The spray rises in some places higher than the banks & it is very evident, that the water has worn away the solid rock a distance of 15 or 20 rods, since it has first tumbled through this valley. It seemed almost a Niagara in miniature.

I was here obliged to cross the stream, as a bridge has been destroyed on the East road towards Cavendish, and before reaching the branch of the Black Water, which runs through the centre of Cavendish I was compelled to take down the fences once to avoid the flood & to ford the road twice where inundated only four or five feet.

I struck that branch in *3 miles* in the west part of Springfield; and then inclining to a course more westward followed it into the North part of Chester till I struck the Cavendish Turnpike, a distance of *3 miles* more. This Turnpike lies mostly on the Banks of this stream; and the roads, which do not follow some streams are in this country exceedingly rough and hilly. Six miles of my rout today was without exception the worst highway I ever travelled with wheels. Had not my resolution to persist been unchanged I should have frequently despaired & returned.

The borders of Springfield, Chester & Cavendish are all rocky, mountainous & new—Considerable appearance of the manufacture of maple sugar—Some log houses—Large cattle & sheep, but not fat—The village in the middle of Cav is very small & no fall of water near. A quarry of limestone a few miles East & some wrought but does not make so good lime as the Plymouth lime-stones—The soil appears better West of the village. The Hills thicken in my front, but do not appear to rise more than 5 or 600 feet above me. I am now one mile on my way from the village to what is considered the foot of the mountains—The country looks as if a smooth & gentle declivity might once have stretched from their summits to the Connec.: and that this has been furrowed into ridges by the constant attrition of showers & tempests. The waters from those ridges & from myriads of Springs collect into the deepest excavations & as they roll to the East deposit on their margin an alluvium, which sometimes widens into beautiful meadows and at other times is employed merely for a road.

I observed that the back part of these meadows, like that of the flat or table land on the Mississippi, was in general the lowest.

Found a Great Justice Court at the Tavern, where I stopped for the night; and was much amused by the Bar-room conversation of the spectators & witnesses as they came out of the Parlour, which had been resigned to the dignity of Justice—As I sat waiting for a fire in a chamber,

some complained of the long speeches & others of the repetitions & others of the uselessness of lawyers. The general opinion seemed to be, that they "darkend counsel"; that the law could never be learnt from them as in all but the plainest cases they uniformly disagreed: and as to the evidence, that the Jury & Court always remembered and understood it better than the Attornies—

One of the lawyers was very obnoxious on account of his "long winded groaning" argument as they called it: Tho he justified it under the assertion that in Boston arguments were always 4 hours long. His name was Washburne & was once known to me; but I did not renew the acquaintance. The contest was concerning fraud in the sale of a distressed [?] ox.

Landlady remarkably neat & beautiful. The female, who tended the tool [toll?] gate could not change my money & after a *close scrutiny* believed so far in the honesty of my countenance as to let me pass, on a promise to leave the change for her at the next Tavern. Fine drab coloured Quaker bonnet on the head of a very well formed & fashionably dressed Miss—in the village this afternoon.

This place is 18 miles S. West of Windsor & 21 miles North West of Bellows Falls, from which last place to Middlebury a stage runs 3 times a week. Even the Turnpike here was in execrable order; & they have, over the mountain, a young lady at the Bar informed me—a Shun Pike.

In addition to 2 Meeting-Houses in the village at Springfield I passed another large one situated on an elevation near the centre of a large mowing field at the West end of the Town, and which is occupied by Baptists. There is here also a Baptist Church & Meeting-house, where Mr. Lothrop of Spr. preaches occasionally. Some Methodists; but no Congregational Society. Judge Hatch resides here; but had not leisure to pay my respects to him.

*May 12th. Wednesday.*

"Mine host" informed me this morning (May 12) that late last evening the Justice rendered judgment against the defendant *cum furore*, being satisfied that the ox was wind-broken and the plff. entitled to recover \$15. damage—Madam show me her infant daughter, just as I was preparing to start, with eyes no less blue & lovely than those of Lord Byron's Ada.

Saw some of the corn from an half acre in the Town, last year, which produced 58 bushels. The ground had been used by a drover some years as a sheep yard. The seed sells for \$4 & \$5 per B. being very fair & large & the cob full to the uttermost point.



On leaving my Tvn this morning I perceived, that a larger branch of Black water flowed through this quarter of Cavendish, and I traced it up in my way to Mount Holly through Ludlow and to the very summitt of the Green Mountains. Its current through Lu much resembled that of the wild Ammonusick, but in Mount Holly it became as impetuous as the first fifteen miles of the Saco. My road was much better than yesterday, tho' once obliged to ford a kind of bayou to the river. Ice was seen in many places and in the skirts of Lud. I noticed two long banks of snow within a few rods of the Turnpike. The Season appeared less forward. Gardens not sowed nor Spring grain—except on a few farms. Forests covered maple & trees of that kind left standing in some fields recently cleaned, as the sugar brings this season 17 cts. per lb. in Mount Holly.

Ludlow is from Cavendish *4 miles*: and is something of a cluster of buildings; not erected however with much taste or expense. No meeting House. From Brown's Tavern in this place to Green's in Mt. Holly is *4 miles*. Is this not a corruption of Holy as the Town South is Mt. Tabour? [Tabor] Land mostly a gradual ascent. Here commences a Shun pike which appears to cross the Hills farther North. The winding path among the ridges of forest—the occasional settlements in the valley & on the most gentle declivities—the clear sky above—a few distant clouds whose shadows could be traced below on the summitts rendered the scenery somewhat striking.

The middle of the Town of Mt. Holly is about 20 rods East of the height of land. There is a small Baptist Meeting House a store & 2 Taverns—around one of which is a Piazza to both Stories. The Congregationalists & Methodists, Quakers & Universalists have each a small Society in this Town. From Greens to this place is *3 miles*. After leaving here in less than a mile the land falls to the West with considerable abruptness & you cross an outlet of a pond on which are Mills & which outlet is called Mill Creek & forms a principal Branch of Otter Creek. It is almost a continual descent till going *6 miles* to Phinney's in Shrewsbury. The Hills there seem to have divided to the right & left leaving an opening to the North West for the tributaries of Otter Creek. The rocks begin to be limestone in many places on the side of the Highway. The Turnpike ends soon as the road becomes very level to Rutland a distance of *9 miles*.

Between Shrewsbury & Rutland I crossed thro a part of Clarendon, in which Otter Creek takes its rise.

Rutland Village is nearly a mile in length North & South on a very wide & strait street. The houses are scattered, not uniform in colour size or fashion & in general very slovenly. I saw not more than 2, which

possessed much elegance—I counted about 40 of 2 stories. The Green or Common is towards the North end on the West side of the Street, forming with it a small parallelogram bordered with trees. The Court House is small and even a part of this small House is occupied for the Post Office and by the Register & Treasurer of the County. It looks like administering justice on a small scale: but she keeps “open doors,” as I found, without any person within to minister unto applicants.

Three broken & backless chairs rested quietly for the Judge & the plain board table, around which was a row of seats for the Bar, had been whittled down to about  $\frac{2}{3}$ ds. of its original width. The only mode of warming the room was a Stove, finely situated near the centre of the back part of the bar & within 6 feet of the Bench. It is reported here that formerly the court used to cut a pack of cards to determine who should go in & try the causes each  $\frac{1}{2}$  day & who might have the privilege of remaining out & gambling. No bell once, but blew a conk-shell or tin-horn at the hour of adjournments. The shop in which Mr. Green was murdered a few years since by Antony was shown me a few rods North of the Ct. House.

The people in the Streets appeared somewhat fashionable—at least they seemed idle enough to be stilish: but one poor girl evidently from some adjoining Town was breathing short under the weight of a large muff and Tippett.

The only meeting house here appeared recently to have been blown or pulled down, though in this small village, where I now write are two Meeting Houses & a 3d Society worship in the Academy.

The name of this place is Brandon; and to get here I first rode from Rutland to Pittsford, which is 8 miles. There I first saw the Otter Creek; for at Rutland it was more than a mile West.

The village at P. is some distance from it & stands near a small stream, that empties into the Creek. It is a small village: & there to Brandon was—8 miles.

During this last ride the Otter Creek was often within a hundred yards on my left & overflowed in general all the adjacent intervals. Its current seemed placid. My road began to be clayey & having become partly dried was very rough.

Though the sun was more than an hour high I concluded to remain here for the night and on exploring the village found it to be a place or considerable business. Beside the buildings of some note before mention'd, there is a stone mill, built of the best rough marble and on one side 3 stories high.

This is not on the Otter Creek but on one of its many tributaries that tumble from the Green Mountains on my right.

I could here see distinctly the Highlands in New York beyond Lake Champlain; and the Green Mountains on one side and the ridge of land between the Creek & the Lake on the other side do not appear but a few miles distant.

The landscape on the edge of the horizon is exquisite; and I feel great impatience to see Lake Champlain.

The Landlord has just informed me, that a Dancing School is taught here this evening & closes with a Ball; and from neither of these could I now escape, whatever might be my inclinations.

What a scene? — a *Vermont* Ball & almost in the midst of the Highest Mountains. The little polish that exists in this State seems mostly confined to Conn. River.

I have tried in vain to escape from the wild belles & beaux. About 30 minutes since, something like 20 couple appeared and an extra supply of 10 or 15 females. These formed the Ball party as distinguished from those who attended the School. The Master, to show his authority, bolted the hall door & refused admittance till certain terms were more fully adjusted. This drove all but the Managers into my room, until the preliminaries were arranged; and God forbid, that I should again witness the *delicacy* and *reserve* of the females of the interior of Vt.

Nothing was said, that could be deemed personal in relation to me: but tho' by some w(h)ispers I perceived it was suspected that I might be a Clergyman; yet the village scandal, the rude manners, the vile allusions and brazen laugh sickend me to the heart.

The dress of some was rather attractive and I saw 3 striking faces: one—a girl of 16 was graceful—She soon became the toast. Punch and Whiskey were soon served; and before the surly [?] Dancing Master opened his doors all the topics of conversation were exhausted and plays were introduced which among other things furnished abundance of kissing.

The young men were, in general, well bred & polished for persons educated in the country. What was a little remarkable, too, they much exceeded the females in modesty as well as delicacy. One or two men were somewhat in the extremes of fashion and could easily be designated as the Dandies of Brandon. Much freedom and ease of manner—very little awkward rusticity.

The Music on the violin was unusually good.

A stage runs through here twice a week from White hall to Boston & another from Middlebury to Boston—each occupying but 2 days to go 190 miles. Some of the horses at Rutland were in real Dutch Sytle and looked in fatness more like swine than horses. They eat half a bushel of oats & corn a day.

A Newspaper is published at Rutland & which apes the New York as ours in New Hamp. ape the Boston Papers.

Saw only one pair of oxen in the plough today, the labour being performed almost exclusively by horses.

Swarms of children barefoot. Very little stone wall. Most of the farmers and mechanicks wear red baize shirts—healthy.

No oak and but a few pine.

The crowd in the Hall above was so great, that the landlord persuaded me to occupy a bed below in the most remote part of the House.

Soon after retiring I heard repeated shouts and laughter, that might have burst the lungs of Stentor. This was repeated at such *convenient* intervals as to keep me awake more than an hour, when a strong effluvia from gunpowder convinced me that instead of a Ball some mountebank was breathing fire & in other methods “playing the Devil” for the gratification of the beaux & belles of Brandon.

The Hall was soon emptied and in a few minutes refilled and actual dancing commenced and continued till I sank asleep from the Music of the mere shaking of the building. My slumbers were interrupted about every half hour till 2 or 3 o’clock in the morning by some lady looking for an estray shawl, some waiter after a pitcher or my landlady in search of matters and things in general.

#### *May 14th. Thursday.*

I rose in great wrath against the landlord, I found part of my *warmth* sprung from a stove, for which a hole had been cut thro the partition between my lodging room & the kitchen, and in which there had been fire last night till 10 or 11 o’clock. By the way, this was what is here called a cooking stove, which is frequent in this quarter & costs \$70. It is so constructed as to heat the room—make the tea kettle boil—cook potatoes & fry meat. It is a Rutland invention of some Yankee at Middlebury.

I attacked the Landlord for the deception, practised on me last evening as to the Ball; & he acknowledged, that the Ball was merely accidental and that Brandon for nine years before had not witnessed a single dance. The “stiff” party he said had obtained the majority, & under the pretence of attending the fiddling and tricks of a Connecticut juggler the young people had concerted & enjoyed a great dance.

His performances were a kind of Concert & Theatrics for this part of Vt.: and he justified his idleness under the popular but counterfeit apology, that he was a disabled soldier. I pulled down his advertisement and as a curiosity annex it below.

As all the female part of the family seemed likely to sleep some hours

longer I called for my chaise and rode to Salisbury to breakfast—6 miles.

Road very rough with stiffend clay & so continued till within a few miles of Vergennes, where it became soon smoother.

Salisbury a small, poor Town. At Lake Dunmore on its Eastern side there has been a Glass House; but 'tis now stopped. Abundance of suitable sand. A large Congregational church here, but not content with warring against all other sects in Town have quarrelled among themselves and the minister settled over a part of them the other part refuse to hear. People get most of their merchandize, divinity, physic and law from Middlebury—10 miles.

Middlebury is one of the largest villages in Vt. The Otter Creek runs through its centre & affords one of the finest water falls for machinery, I ever witnessed.

The stream is about 8 rods in width and descends between 20 & 30 feet in passing that number of rods. The East & West banks are connected by a bridge: and rather more than one half of the buildings and business is on the Eastern side. There are carding machines, a clothing mill—a trip hammer. A large marble cotton manufactory 2 stories in front & 6 on the water's edge—saw and grist mills—and one of the greatest establishments for sawing & polishing marble that exists in New England. The whole banks & bed of the River are solid limestone: in the former white & in the latter blue predominates.

A certain Doct. Judd was pointed out to me as the man, who 12 or 15 years since being confined to the jail yard meditated the project of extricating himself by means of these marble quarries. He at once commenced working them. Their value became known—lawsuits ensued as to his lease—but he has triumphed over all obstacles & is fast realizing an independent fortune. The Cotton Factory, some stores and the new College building are all erected from useless fragments, which he now sells at \$1. pr. load.

The lower apartment in his manufactory contains 8 or 10 saw frames, in which are various numbers of saws from one to seven. As the block is wide or narrow it is placed under one of these horizontal frames. The saws are smooth plates of iron and are moved by water like a common cross cut saw and wear through the block by their friction, aided by an occasional handful of firm sand and the marble dust moistened by the dropping of water from tubes above.

The slates are then carried into an apartment in the 2d Story, and there a number of machines moved also by water move backwards & forwards over their surface and are covered with hard leather on which is sprinkled emery and then novaculite pounded on Scotch sand. The last polish is

given by a machine whose surface is covered with felt—or old hats.

Large number of slates are here engraved in beautiful style.

Some lime is burned from the stone; but its extreme hardness requires too much heat to render this branch of the business profitable.

The clay in the vicinity, from which considerable many bricks were formerly made, was found to contain many small particles of the stone, which Professor Hall told me could not be separated—were burnt into lime when the brick was burnt, & in long storms, that moistend the brick this lime slacked and the bricks fell to pieces.

Perhaps  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Village is built of brick & stone & it contains not far from ninety buildings over 2 stories.

The public Edifices are an ordinary court house, but one Meeting House and two large Colleges, one of wood & the other of marble.

The wooden one is 3 stories high, situated a little West of the business part of the West Bank and has a vile frogpond in front over which is a high foot-path Bridge. The marble one is 4 stories high, still farther West on an elevation & overlooking the whole Village, the River, and adjacent country seems to have for its front the long waving Ridge of the Green Mountains.

Library only 13 hundred volumes, all covered with blue paper. Good philosophical apparatus. College incorporated 1800. No public funds. And tuition almost supports 3 Professors. Rest furnished by subscriptions & donations. 90 Students.

Professor Hall very civil and my old friend Parks, though unfortunate, seems still to be virtuous.

Few fish in Otter Creek: as Falls & Mills below, the people think, prevent their passage up. Were catching them in seines at the Lake 12 miles distant & bringing them here alive to propagate. A party went yesterday & another today. Pike, whitings & perch.

Daniel Chipman lives here & Nathl. C. at Linmouth, [Tinmouth] brothers and reputed to be the finest lawyers in Vt.

Introduced to Seymour Edmunds of Vergennes most eloquent advocate.

From Middlebury to Vergennes, *11 miles*. Intolerable road of dried mud. Crossed Ot. C. a number of times. Passed through Waybridge, New Haven & Waltham: & the Turnpike called Waltham Turnpike. Marble milestones & almost as pleasant as a travelling companion. Sheep shearing in one place. Ordinary Towns, but some beautiful mill seats on the Otter-Creek.

Axel trees of carriages narrower here than in New Hamp.—Many children barefoot. Eggs and bacon & bacon & eggs repeated at every Tavern like the old verses "This is the house that Jack built."

As I approached Vergennes the reflection of the sun & the shades of the Virginia fence in the meadows were new & picturesque.

A great rage among Tavern-keepers to have 2 signposts & suspend the sign from the centre of a bar uniting them. Looks like a thief on a gallops.

Vergennes about half the size of Rutland; but capable of much more business as situated on the lowest falls of Otter Creek. Only 7 miles to Lake Champlain. Many of McDonough's ships built here, and hither they once retreated from the British and erected a small battery near the mouth of the River, at which a few useless shot were fired & the pursuit abandoned.

Many of the buildgs. here are insured at Hartford (Con.): & a brass plate, signifying that, is nailed over or on the front door. A fire broke out this afternoon, to extinguish which I ran with the rest from an interval below the Falls, where I was viewing the cataract, the Iron Works, the rafters &c. The fire was soon extinguished, tho' much of the furniture filled up the street, which had been removed by the activity of the females.

The lumber sawed here and above is formed into rafts in the basin below the falls and is towed to Quebec. The joints are taken apart in passing some of the Rapids in the Chambly. Below the Falls, but so near as to have all its machinery turned by water from above are situated very extensive Iron works. They are at present suspended & decaying. One building contains 8 or 9 chimnies and bellows &c. for making bar-iron. The furnace, the outhouses &c. are 12 or 15 in number. Both bar & cast iron were manufactured here. The ore was dug on the New York side of the Lake & is not I should think of the best quality.

The boatmen &c. are mostly Canadians & British with enterprising Yankee leaders.

The dress and manners of the people seem much more like a Seaport than those in Rutland or Middlebury. Gentlemen idlers at the Tavern—Cigar smoking in the Street—Bucks on horse back with legs stiff as wooden dolls—Women "as they shouldn't be." —& many more indications of fashionable vices, checquered by a few promises of the gentler virtues.

From Vergennes I started rather late in the afternoon to escape the hazard of another sleepless night, and the first "one-story" hut-like tavern I should find, remote from a Meeting House and Store, I was determined to enter for the night.

I passed thro' Farrisburg, leaving Monkton on my right, in which is a fine quarry of kaolin; and in the Southern edge of Charlotte espied 2 sign posts before a most promising house—7 miles from V.

The Landlady's daughter was churning in a large bean pot and her face seemed a perfect image of disappointment & despair. Whether her disorder was Methodism or deserted love I could not then decypher; but afterwards became satisfied it was the latter. Love is no trifling complaint 150 miles from the sea shore among the dells of the Green Mountains and amid the scenery of the shores of Champlain.

My landlord amused me much with some anecdotes as to the Vermont volunteers before & after the battle of Plattsburg & the victory of McDonough.

He did not ruin my confidence so much however as to prevent me from fastening the latch of my bedroom, down with my penknife, barricading it also with my trunk & marking well the situation of a gun & bayonet which stood in one corner.

I waked during the night and found that my race to the fire in Verg. had given me the thirst of Tantalus and dreams almost as horrible as those of Clarence.

I was resolved at all hazards to get rid of the fate of Tantalus: by groping my way out of the house I drank from "the moss covered bucket that hangs by the well" richer draughts than the fabled nectar of the Gods.

I had enjoyed between Verg. & my Tvn only a glimpse of the Lake, as in three or four places from a hill I could see it glimmer through the forests of ash and elm that stretched between us.

Landlord offered me bitters to drink out of pure kindness & what he deemed the height of politeness. New York fashion of drinking Strong Beer prevails much on the West side of the Mountain and deserves encouragement.

*May 15th. Friday.*

No morning ever rose on a lovelier picture, than I beheld in Charlotte from the elevation on which stands their Church. I was about, from Burlington *11 miles*; and from my last night's lodging, *3 miles*.

The Lake was visible for 20 miles, bending North & South East. The country on this side to its shore about one mile was a fine slope, under rich cultivation with scattered copses of wood and some elegant buildings and a few rustic farm houses far to the South. The width of the water did not exceed 3 miles; and the Highlands beyond were covered with forest & granite except here and there an infant settlement near the border of the Lake

A distant sail seemed a star upon the water and far as the eye could reach all the air was transparent as crystal and laden with the warmth & freshness of May.



I skirted along about the same distance from the Lake, through some fine farms with orchards to the waters edge, till leaving Charlotte & entering Shelburne I saw over the forest of a projecting point of land, the distant steeples of the churches in Burlington; and for the ensuing 5 miles they disappeared & returned as I wound into the woods or ascended some gentle acclivity and as a flying cloud obscured or departed from the sun.

Trumbull's Voyages at a Tavern in S. entertaining. Many stone buildings—not marble, but in a few respects resembling red sand stone.—built of them. Almost all the Taverns attempt to have Piazzas to their houses; and the farmers often have seats on a platform at their front door, which project on each side 6 or 8 feet.

On the East side of Lake Champ., on a gradual ascent from the shore of 1 mile; and, of a width North and South,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile, stands Burlington. Six or eight streets run the whole width of it North & South, but none of them perfectly strait except that on the water & that on the Eastern side.

Again numerous streets run East & West to the edge of the shore; but only 3 of them extend in one unbroken line the whole mild. viz. one on the South one on the North side & the other in the centre. At the Eastern extremity of this centre street, which is very wide, is built the University of Vt. It rises from the highest part of the village 4 stories, is of brick & about 120 feet in length. Its immediate front is a spacious green, shelving towards the cluster of houses below; then follows the extensive streets & buildings & gardens and fields: for not more than 150 large buildings cover this extensive site for a city; then farther West spreads out the tranquil waters of the Lake: and then rises beyond then & terminates the prospect those rugged mountains in New York, which divide the waters that flow into the inland sea, from those that roll into the St. Lawrence.

They break down, towards the North & the whole country appears to slope in that direction to form an outlet for the Lake.

Four or five islands covered with forest break the glassy surface of the water at the South West; but an unbroken sheet spreads Northward to the very base of the Mountains. There are wilderness or bare precipices, except for a few small "clearings." The white smoke of new settlers, opening situations for farms, curled over the brow of some of them and one or two dark clouds capped the summits of others.

The discharge of the cannon, during McDonoughs naval engagement was heard here distinctly and I could see Peru, which is only 8 miles South of Plattsburg. The windings of Onion River, which empties a few miles to the North of the College were visible from its upper stories and on the

lowest falls in Burlington about 1 mile from the village are mills, stores & mechanics in considerable numbers.

On the North end of Water Street, fronting the Lake, are large barracks occupied by our troops during the late War. The Bank is here 60 or 80 feet in height. On the South end of the same street are one or two warves & the land shelves away into a narrow beach of more than a mile in length.

On the South side of centre Street about half way from the College to the Lake is a public square, on all sides of which are Stores, Taverns & dwelling houses. The Court House is on the East border of it and on a Street running nearly North from that are two fine Meeting Houses, with lofty steeples. One is wood for the Congregationalists, the other brick for Socinians & the whole steeple sheeted with tin & glistening in the sun like the minaret of a Turkish mosque. The last Church is finished with great elegance.

Almost every place of public worship in this quarter is well warmed by Stoves.

The dwelling houses are perhaps 1/3d of brick & most of them with outside window shutters like Stores. It reminded me of the vicinity of an enemy's country.

Some fine gardens: but like Washington city all of them are not yet free from stumps. Poplar trees in abundance: and one fine pine at the North end of the hay Scales in the public square.

Very few stores in Water Street or on the warf: but Hop shops, groceries, washer women &c. occupy the most appropriate place for business.—

One female boarding her house. In(s)pection office & two sloops. Two officers from Plattsburg, where 4 companies are stationed. Ships laid up at Whitehall at the South West end of the Lake, where all heavy goods are brought from the Hudson by land, 75 miles.

The lumber trade is to Quebec. Beef driven to Montreal. Other articles carried to New York & most goods obtained there. Next season expected that canal will be opned from Whitehall to the Hudson.

Two steam boats, one for Passengers alone & the other for freight also. They touch at all the considerable Towns on the Lake & tow the rafts across.

Marks of balls in buildings near the warf fired by the British & many entered the Bank near the Barracks. But the batteries were so heavy & so well manned, they did not dare approach with  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile.

Much confusion occasioned & a beautiful & intelligent little girl of 7 years of age, who called herself Marianne Fling and who I persuaded to ride a mile with me this morning in Charlotte said, that she then lived in

Burlington & had the courage to go to the door, while her brother a year older clung to his mother's side in the house.

A little sour faced Canadian said, that the New York Volunteers "full of fight & cabbage" marched only 7 miles a day till they heard of McComb's victory & then after the probability of seeing blood was over pressed on at the rate of 30 miles a day.

Professor Dean of philosophic memory boarded in a house with a maiden lady or widow when cannon were heard at very short intervals late one black night during the War. She waited most impatiently for him to rise & condole with or protect her during the danger, but as his unwieldy body did not make its appearance she sent a servant as an express to his chamber. The firing seemed to quicken & approach. The message was repeated, but without effect, when the lady's fears conquered all minor considerations and she burst into the Professor's bedchamber.

He was resting on his elbow in bed, looking through the window at the distant flashes of cannon on the Lake and counting the number of pulses at his wrist between the flashes & the report. With great calmness he observed to her that all apprehension was groundless; as by the laws of sound and light it was capable of demonstration, that the ships were so far distant no balls could reach halfway to Burlington. "My God," cried the provoked Lady, "may I be delivered from a philosopher for a husband." The Professor smiled and without reply sank down in his bed again to rest. This same Professor is undoubtedly one of the first mathematicians in New England and a most accurate thinker on many more of the severer sciences.

The signs here are in general painted on the Stores themselves, with a white ground & black letters, extending often the name across the whole front of the building.

Beautiful asparagus at dinner. Cherry & plumb trees in full blossom.

One Newspaper printed here: and University said to be reviving, 30 Students.

The Piazzas so numerous at the Taverns in Vt. are intended for loungers; and in some places, destitute of these appendages, seats are nailed to the front side of the Inns.

Pretty large Bookstore; but a refuse collection and apparently fitted for a peddling cart except a few classics.

A wonderfully wise Yankee *guessed* to me he had found some Plaister in Shelburne; but had, as he thought, too much *ruit* [?] to inform me whether it had ever been tested, in what part of the Town it was situated or in what quantities. He not only seemed to conjecture, that my object was speculation; but that I was also more than half of a British Spy.

My questions were to him new & their purport dark. It was fortunate for my neck perhaps, that there happened now to be no martial law in the neighborhood.

From Burlington I took a South Eastern direction to Willistoun, which was *8 miles*. The timber soon became White Pine, very thick and tall, though the swells of land at a little distance were covered with maple & beech. Some delightful groves for sugar orchards near the centre of W.

The residence of the Quondam Gov. Chittenden was pointed out to me, who is here often execrated for recalling the Militia during the War, when they volunteered at the soliciation or marched there at the command of their officers. At his request the Legislature passed a law making it penal to induce or force people across the lines and the first & only person prosecuted under it was his political friend Curtis Coe for binding & carrying over the boundary a Custom House officer that attempted to seize his smuggled goods. Gov. Ch. is now the State Representative from Williston.

I soon crossed the Onion River and reached Richmond after travelling *5 miles*.

The Meeting house is on the West bank of the river & opposite to the Tavern where I now write. It was painted white, was in a circular form, with sixteen sides and a high steeple from its centre. Between me and the River extends an orchard, then appears the water, winding in a crescent form and from its Western Side spreads a verdant border of meadow—then succeeds the upland and on the margin of that, beyond which stretches a delightful Green, stands the Church. The Hills that form the Western verge of this part of the Mountains rise so abruptly from the Green, that the top of the steeple looked as if it leaned against the bottom of the forest trees on their side.

Only two houses on the green, beside the Church.

My landlady was remarkably neat and expeditious in her cookery: contrived to have a bar room, parlour, kitchen, two chambers and a garret in a one story house of no large size. I say she contrived; for her husband was one of those submissive geniuses, that are wise at least in obeying, without murmurs, wives, who know so much more than themselves.

*May 16th. Saturday.*

I rode early this morning *7 miles* to Burton and, at a most unpromising Tavern to appearance, with a Canadian landlord, whom I found asleep on his bar-room table I obtained an excellent breakfast. This last ride was on the banks of Onion River as was my rout hence to Waterbury about *7 miles* and from W. to Montpelier, *12 miles*.

Indeed the river is the only passage thro the Western spur of the Mountains: and the precipices & swells on both sides of its course are truly Alpine. Only a few scattered cabins appear on its margin or half-way up some gentle swell. The fisherman and fowler were often seen on projecting rocks or in the skirts of the woods: and I could almost fancy myself in some region of Switzerland.

The river in the lower part of Waterbury seems to have worn down a channel in a ledge of mica slate from 50 to 80 feet deep for the distance of 200 rods. Above it spreads out to  $\frac{1}{4}$ th the width of the Connecticut; but here tis compressed into a width not exceeding 20 feet and foams along with a considerable fall till it escapes from the channell & spreads again to its usual dimensions.

Every thing looks new & primeval. A woman & her daughter mending brush fence. Almost every turnpike gate "tended" by females. Throughout Vt. children bow to strangers and are uniformly civil, unless insulted by others. Even the fence-mender bowed as I passed and attempting to adjust her hair let fall locks from her comb that would not have disgraced Aurora.

Some sweet banks of blue violets on the way side this morning. Children gathering dandelions.

The first view of Montpelier, the Capital of Vt. was across a small meadow on the East side of a bend in the River. Only the Court & State House, with two adjoining Taverns & one gentleman's residence were at first visible. One of the Taverns was spacious & of brick the other buildings were painted white and the scenery rendered the first glance rather fascinating. I sighed to be a limner or a landscape painter.

This was the West end of a street, which runs South 20 or 30 rods & strikes another, that extends from the Bridge East & West till the two extremes of it reach the adjoining Hills. The Hills too rise directly behind the State House and a cannon on a pivot in the centre of the Village could be fired in no direction without spending half its force on some part of the Green Mountains.

On the summit of the swells at the East, say seven hundred feet above the River, its windings cannot be traced a single mile; and the village seems to occupy almost the whole level, that the mountains have fenced around in such striking grandeur.

There may be 35 large dwelling houses—which by the way, as well as those on my whole rout, are in general not painted at all or not painted well. The science of *colouring* seems much better practiced on Connecticut River & in the District of Maine.

One dam across falls in the River here furnishes water to grist and saw mills, clothing & paper mills, & a spinning machine for flax, now aban-

done as impracticable. The inventor a Mr. Baldwin went to France to obtain the premium from Napoleon: but his fortunes as well as those of the Emperor were disappointed and ruined by the Russian Campaign.

State House 3 stories & passable.

Found here two fair female cousins, who both deserve better husbands than they possess.

The Town of Montpelier is mostly East of the village on the height of land and as my course now to Lancaster (N.H.) became changed to the North of East I was forced to abandon the River and climb the Hills.

In 3 miles the ascent was at least 1000 feet and then the vast ridges South & West and the beautiful farms and maple groves immediately around me recalled some descriptions of the beauty & healthiness of the Montpelier of France.

Find my own nerves much invigorated by fatigue and fresh air. Dyspepsia has fled, slumbers sweet, and my palate by no means fastidious. Though I was at first displeased at the fashion in this quarter to dress & cook small fish without severing the head: and tonight I left a Tavern, where I was concluding to stop, because the Mistress wiped the inside of the tumbler, from which I was to drink water, with her hand. I could have quietly cured the difficulty by rinsing it: but she then filled & presented it to me to drink. Of course I said nothing; but very calmly turned to my chaise and drove farther.

Here the Landlord is gone to attend a *funeral* and a *Justice Court* and so I am left, with the boys and women, & the decuspid Grandfather, to manage my own affairs.

Have passed this afternoon some excellent slate quarries—and am now 6 miles from the village of M. in the North Eastern corner of the Town.

People in Vt. unusually attentive to the breed of their horses. Four or five advertisements on the subject at almost every Tavern.

Best horses at Burlington taught as in Canada to rack or in our language to “pace.”

Brown bread first reappeared since I left Charlestown.

My host has in one corner of his bar-room two guns, and a hound at his door. A country with such a Militia and such arms can never be conquered by foreign foes only its own standing army.

*May 17th. Sunday.*

The necessity of my arrival at Lancaster tomorrow evening compels me to travel today and prevented me from spending last night with my friends in what is here called “Montpelier Hollow.”

The clouds were just breaking asunder after the discharge of a plentiful shower and the sun shone into my bedroom over the distant forest, as I

awoke this morning from celestial dreams of my dear E.

I had slept divinely after writing late except the lecture of my host to some young men of the neighborhood for their noise, which lecture he delivered for civility to me rather than anger to them as he often informed then it was to prevent me from being disturbed and did it so as to make much more noise than they themselves had made.

From thence to Marshfield was *7 miles*.

The Eastern Spur of the Green Mountains seemed to form a vast entrenchment of unbroken forest on my right as I traced up to the North East a branch of Onion River, that wound its way thro some cultivated meadows at the base of the Hills. Log huts and rough board or timber cabins were soon almost the only dwelling houses. The birds seemed to warble from the woodlands a Sabbath hymn of praise; and except the babbling of the brooks from the adjacent swells were all that broke the silence and grandeur of the scene.

Breakfasted at a Tavern, whose master, as in most new settlements, is the richest and most ambitious of his neighbours. His object in general is to sell his surplus produce at his own door & to see company of a higher order than that which surrounds him.

Found a Sterryotype Edition of the Bible & Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The last was full of most doleful wood-cuts: and under the looking glass in the "best room" brother Johnathan was forcing down the throat of John Bull a most unwelcome dram of "Perry."

Landlord & Landlady quarreled about religion: came from Connecticut & children firmly disciplined & intelligent.

Thence to Cabot *8 miles*. After travelling about half the distance on a very level road I climbed the Hills between this & Con. River and found a quondam Tavern on the very summitt at a place called "Cabot Plains;" but it is a plain, only because you can ascend no higher.

Within a mile of it passed one of the most beautiful new farms I ever beheld. Perhaps 50 acres of mowing very rich—pasturing in abundance—all may be ploughed and surrounded with forests of maple, interspersed with a few beech; which maple were in general from 60 to 80 feet in height. The horses, cattle, sheep & swine all indicated the fertility of the farm and good husbandry of the owner: who was just preparing to leave his log hut for a larger and more comfortable dwelling.

Granite in Marshfield. Sweeping and often washing commenced by the landlady, whenever I am comfortably seated. Want of cleanliness in person and in relation to buildings and farms seems a characteristic in these new settlements.

When I asked a young woodcutter this morning, if a building on my right was a Cotton Factory. "Oh no," he replied, "it is Sam Brigg's

mills" & added by his looks "I thought every body knew Sam's mills." No people in the world, however, are in general more shrewd or less wonder-struck at anything than those of Vt.

Sects in abundance here: tho' Methodists and Christians predominate on this side of the Mountain. From Cabott to Danville is 8 miles, nearly East & descending towards the Con.

Experienced once in the woods the benefit of reasoning on general principles, tho' the result seemed expressly to contradict the directions given me by a lady at the last Tavern.

Dreary wilderness: & unceasing repetition of showers every time a moist cloud dashed against the summit or sides of the Hills.

Sap buckets hung on a nail under the spout by a hole through one long stave.

At a new log hut, in despair lest I should never reach Danville a female at the door, in answer to my enquiries, observed, it was but little more than a mile to Danville Green.

The village is half the size of Montpelier, better painted & seems to stand on a shelf from the Eastern side of the Mountains. It is only 8 or 9 miles in an air line to the River; and while my dinner was preparing the sun shone upon the New Hampshire hills at intervals and again they were lost in fogs & showers.

The White Hills are visible in a clear sky.

Meeting House very new but no minister & less religion if appearances were not false. Stores open as on common days. Another Church a mile East.

Met one bush-chopper  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile before my arrival with thick deer-skin gloves on, which was all the indication I have seen today of any person attending public worship. He, too, I suppose had been to the Tavern to show his gloves rather than to hear the gospel; except as it is preached over a Wiskey bottle.

Was from 6 this morning to 4 this afternoon passing these fatiguing Hills.

According to my landlady's account, who seemed to insist on remaining with me during dinner, their examples in piety have not aided the morals of the place as the last minister was "discommunicated" she observed, from both the Church and the Presbytery for incontinence. More Meeting Houses than real piety in most of Vt.

Sprg.	2 qts. oats	6 cts.
Ches.	Gate toll	15
Ludl.	Gate toll	30
Shrewsb.	Gate toll	30
Most meals		30 & 25 cts.



Young men brushing the streets with long tailed surcoats on their backs and small crowned hats on their heads, being in fashion at least nine months behind Cornhill. Selected the newest Tavern as most attentive & soon found the host with hat in hand and a thousand smiles on his face welcoming me to excellent accommodations.

Danville to St. Johnsbury is: 7 miles—a fine Turnpike and in general a gradual descent.

The East side of D. is under beautiful cultivation & the groves of maples on the thousand declivities are kept with all the neatness of garden shrubbery.

At "Johnsbury," the "St." being omitted by these irreverend people, I struck the Pasumpsic River, which, rising on the Hills that divide the waters flowing into Lake Memphramagog & the Con., empties into the latter opposite Lyman.

Mills, a trip hammer, and a furnace for casting iron are on the Falls in this village.

One Arnold was formerly a large landholder in this Section of Vt. and this place is named after his son John, the Town above after another son, Lyndon; and Billy-mead after a son Wm. whom the Father was wont to call Billy.

Little rain here today as the clouds which have broken around my chaise so incessantly flew many hundred feet above Johnsbury.

Fine Potatoes today at Danville and yesterday at Montpelier. Excellent table beer also at both places & at Marshfield. Coffee on the West side of the Mountain did not in general appear to have been *imported* from a great distance.

Expected to see something of Methodist preaching today from some barn (bear?) scaffold or "camp-meeting" stage: but the itinerants of this order appear to have retreated back from the most travelled roads and to have given place in the large villages to their more idle, more sordid & more selfrighteous brethren from the School at Andover.

Was introduced to one at Montpelier, who would have been more useful to the world as a Blacksmith or Shoemaker. That Institution and the money expended by its Missionaries in the East are a bounty on hypocrisy . . . I abhor to see religion made a trade: and to discover so much management to render its kingdom "a kingdom of" this world.

Just before leaving D. saw an enchanting rainbow, that seemed to bend from the Con. and lose its other termination among the clouds, that rolled over the summitt of the Moose hillock.

This country called Caledonia. Perhaps from its resemblance to the Highlands of Scotland: or it may be from the fact, that Ryegate & some other of its Towns are principally settled by Scotchmen.

Mode of taking care of baggage, horse, harness, &c. all indicated the frequency of theft: and it results perhaps from this Town being on a rout to Canada, not travelled by Stages, and destitute of any large villages.

House abounds in Stoves both below and in chambers, rather in Canadian style. Landlady fat as Falstaff.

Every joint & muscle in my body seemed to rail most piteously to-night against the hills and rocks & sloughs I had encountered.

Found on my table a long novel by Mrs. Bennett called "The Beggar girl," which appeared to contain some originality.

Noticed today, that ground moles had eaten from the bottom of some acres of young maples all the bark for 6 or 10 inches high: and a farmer informed me that they consumed the roots of much of his grass in a similar way.

*May 18th. Monday.*

After an early breakfast left the great road, that leads to the Northward and took an Eastern course over still other Hills between this place and the Connec. Crossd the Pasumpsic & Moose Rivers at half past 6 and reached Littleton Bridge a distance of only *11 miles* but a few minutes before twelve o'clock.

Souch rough, misshapen, narrow, hilly and "cause-wayed" roads God forbid I should ever again attempt to travel with a Chaise.

The Tavern-keeper at the Bridge stared woefully on being informed the rout I had come with my carriage.

To add to the danger and difficulty it rained in torrents almost the whole distance: and the centre of the highway was the only channel for most of the water that fell near.

One eighth of the distance was originally built of large logs to prevent people from shipwreck in the numerous quagmires. Most of the earth was washed from those logs and they, together with rocks innumerable of almost every size & height would have stopped my progress "were not I stopped in so far returning were as lead as to go on." The only good rout is from Montpelier to Windsor or to Norwich.

Very good guide boards today and frequent and most needed. They seem to speak to you like a fellow traveller met in an opportune place and giving the best information without reluctance.

After winding up a long & ragged hill in Waterford, which is the Town where I now write & the only Town between Johnsbury and the Con. I came suddenly upon a new Church painted white, with the end for a front, covered with a profusion of windows of every size & shape,

& having three front doors and near the roof a mock clock.

This prevented me from despair as the country looked more settled to the East & I conjectured the roads might be improved.

My trusty horse, however, grew incredulous and seemed to say, if this same Meeting House were a Court House and a Grand Jury present these large yeomen of Waterford should not escape my wrath. He was the image of a complaint on account of bad road if he could not have sworn to one.

"As for my single self" I thought most travellers would have preferred, that the money expended in the ornaments of the Church had been employed in repairing the highways: & as a farmer near by informed me they were destitute of a Preacher. I for one was willing to become one and to exhort them, most feelingly, "to mend their ways."—

Within about 3 miles of Littleton on looking to the South East from a high swell I again beheld the Conecticut for the first time during the last 8 days. It was but a glimpse of his winding current in a deep valley some miles distant: and the soft verdure of its Eastern Banks and the wood crowned hills beyond recalled with delight the remembrance of my native state.

When I reached the river at Littleton it seemed to me an antient and constant friend: and methought there was a loveliness in its waters, that could never be forgotten and which first struck my young fancy when in the halcyon days of Collegiate life I used to "taste their coolness" and float on their placid surface.

Two beautiful miniature portraits of the beautiful landlady & her husband hung under the mirror in an elegant parlour where I dined. They were painted in Montreal and on ivory.

What neatness taste and propriety appear at every Turn, when the lady is active & discreet. I assented, that she might cook me anything whatever for dinner with the special *exception* of bacon & eggs.

What a number of flocks of sheep that the farmers & their boys were driving to be washed.

It is just six days since I set my foot in Vt. and in that time I have travelled about 200 miles. In doing this I find myself also about 100 miles nearer Lancaster than I was at my departure from Charlestown.

Littleton Bridge divides 20 pr. ct. profits.

Land in the back towns from 4 to 10 dollars pr. acre. Many log cabins today & in the open window of one a perfect picture of Hebe with profuse Auburn Locks over her shoulders about 6 years old & playing with a large woollen doll as happy as a Princess.

An advertisement of goods & a "great variety of Books." On enquiry

found them to consist of the New Testament and Webster's Spelling Book & a few Primers.

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As I bid adieu to Vt. I must bid adieu also to my Journal.

It has indeed been incoherent & in many parts uninteresting; but it is still a Journal. It is a Journal too of real life and kept with good faith: and in leaving Vt. I will not say "We part fair *foes*;" for many useful and tender associations will always I hope be connected with this hasty tour.